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# CAMPING OUT

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LAKE WINDERMERE, 1889.

# CAMPING OUT

WITH THE

# British Canoe Association,

WITH CHAPTERS ON

## CAMPING, CANOEING, AND AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY

JOHN DAVEY HAYWARD, M.D.,

*Mersey Canoe Club, Rear-Commodore, B.C.A.*

LONDON:
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TO

TWO LADIES,

WHO HAVE IN TURN LAMENTED

MY BOATING TASTES,

AND HAVE IN TURN BECOME RECONCILED THERETO;

TO

MY MOTHER AND MY WIFE,

THIS LITTLE PEACE-OFFERING

IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

2015334

# PREFACE.

THIS little book owes its origin to notes made by the writer for a lantern exhibition of views taken by him at two Meets of the British Canoe Association. These descriptions proved of such interest to boating friends as to encourage their arrangement in the present form. At first the intention was to limit the issue to private circulation; but the extent to which the original notes have developed has led to the decision to put a few copies on sale. For such a humble production, however, no frenzied public demand is anticipated.

The illustrations are, with one or two exceptions, from photographs taken by the author, or from sketches made by him. He takes this opportunity of thanking a lady friend [M. W.] and Mr. A. Fownes for help with the preparation of the sketches.

The humble origin of this effusion, and the proofs it contains of hurried preparation, will, the author trusts, secure it from the standard of criticism, to which a more pretentious production might justly be submitted. Like the craft with which it chiefly deals,

this book has but little depth, carries no valuable cargo, makes little spread, and requires fair wind and fine weather; like them it prudently attempts no ambitious voyage:—

> "Larger craft may venture more,
> But little ships must keep near shore."

If, however, these rough notes recall past joys to boating friends, and interest others in our glorious sport, the writer's main object will have been accomplished.

That the members of the B.C.A. will consider this publication as an attempt on his part to further the cause of that body is the hope of their friend,

THE REAR-COMMODORE.

*Liverpool, 1891.*

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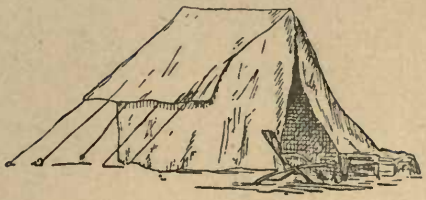


# CAMPING OUT.

## CHAPTER I.

## ON CAMPING.

"We're out on a tear to get fresh air,
And keep our livers healthy;
We rise ere breakfast every morn,
To make us wise and wealthy.
We wear old clothes, and know no woes
Of irksome civilization;
We carry a grease spot on our pants,
As a badge of emancipation.

Chorus:—Then shake old pard, our palms are hard,
Our faces and hands are brown;
We don't look gay in our camp array,
But we're mashers when in town.

* * * * * *

Now you who dress in fine array,
And board at big hotels,
Who eat off china every day,
And pose as howling swells,

And never have an appetite
That's not produced by bitters—
Just gaze on us and gnash your teeth,
You miserable critters!

Chorus:—Then shake old pard, our palms are hard,
Our faces and hands are brown;
We don't look gay in our camp array,
But we're mashers when in town."

*Camping Song.*

---

CAMPING, as the canoeist understands the term, includes sleeping in tents pitched on shore, or erected on the canoes when dragged ashore or moored afloat. A 'fixed' camp is one in which the tents are left erected in one place for some days; under these circumstances, of course, greater luxury is possible than with the 'movable' camp, where the tents are struck and re-erected in a fresh place every day or two, in which case as light a tent and as few impedimenta as possible are taken. Various patterns of tent are in use, such as the Mersey, the Clyde, the Bell, the Marquee, etc.; each having some advantage under varying circumstances. The little tents, with their ground sheets, poles, flys, and so forth, pack up into remarkably little space; a tent

with plenty of room and comfort for two can be readily stowed away in a small canoe.

A large amount of quite uncalled for sympathy is expended upon campers out, who are supposed to be suffering great exposure and hardship. On the contrary, however, camp life is most comfortable. The little tents, if properly pitched, are dry inside, however it may rain, and when shut up become warm and cosy even on frosty nights. Nobody catches colds or sore throats when camping. It is really remarkable how slight susceptibility to colds there is during camping, even with individuals who are martyrs to these torments in civilized life; and it is equally notorious that a cold taken to the camp vanishes with a rapidity such as coddling and gruel at home could never insure. In the tents campers sleep, cook, and feed during their cruises; although, when the weather is fine, much of the cooking and eating takes place out of doors. The science of camping requires study and practice; the beginner loads himself up with unnecessary things, and always forgets indispensable articles; the old campaigner learns and invents dodges for economising room and weight—*he*

never forgets the salt or his toothbrush. To camp satisfactorily, it is well to think over, some time beforehand, the things that may be required, and to make a list of everything that can be done *with:* a day or two before the cruise this list should be examined, and everything crossed out that can be done *without.*

In America, where there is more firewood and freedom than in this country, the cooking is generally done over camp fires of wood ; here, ingenious little spirit cuisines are used, those in most request being the Mersey, the Irene, and the Boddington.

Life in camp, when several choice spirits are gathered together, is a round of interest and pleasure, from the early breakfast to the sing-song last thing at night, and is thoroughly health-giving from the morning plunge and swim to the soothing pipe round the camp-fire before turning in. And one's appetite in camp—it is enormous ! Certainly such an appetite is often required, when one reflects that the cooking is done entirely by the men themselves ; and wonderful results some of them turn out. However, hunger is the best sauce, and practice enables sur-

prisingly good dishes to be prepared. The man who spoiled the simple kipper on the Monday, and whose attempt at a stew resulted in a nasty mess, may turn out a creditable five-course dinner before the end of the week. Tin meats are a great boon to the camper; eggs, bacon, and steaks are comparatively simple to prepare; but some articles are a delusion and a snare to the inexperienced. Onions do shrivel up so alarmingly during the frying process; whereas rice, on the other hand, is so aggressive in its expansion, that there may not be enough pans in camp to hold what seemed only a handful or two when put into the pot. All the same, no stalled ox—however toothsome a stalled ox may be—could taste so good as those camp stews, presided over by an old hand, and to which each man contributes whatever he has to spare. The stews are constructed on the "tutti frutti" principle, and it were invidious to inquire what there is in, and easier perhaps to enumerate what there is not. The camper-out has no regular meal times; he eats when he can get anything to eat, and when he feels hungry, which is pretty well all the time. A camper-out who has had nothing

to eat for four hours, is a ravenous animal, and dangerous to meet. We have known a canoeist to take his pug dog camping out with him, and thoughtlessly leave it behind one scarce day: he barely returned in time to keep "jugged puppy" out of the bill of fare. "Snark's broth" is a mixture we have never heard so termed except in camp. It consists of milk and a raw egg beaten up together, with a suspicion of Scotch whiskey added thereto. Snark's broth is very acceptable in the early morning, when the sing-song was a little too long and boisterous the night before, or a pipeful too much was smoked before turning in. It also strengthens the courage for the early dip, and has a reputation as a pick-me-up after a fatiguing day or some extra exertion or exposure. For sustenance during labour, however, it cannot in our opinion compare with tea, hot if possible; if not, cold with a dash of lemon juice added.

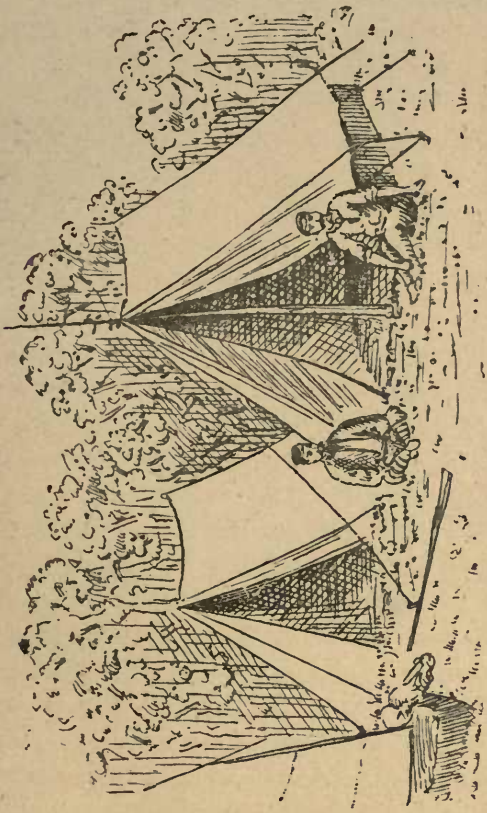
There is always plenty to do in camp, and the time, when one is not sailing, is thoroughly employed with cooking, feeding, tidying up the tent and canoe, drying things, and washing up. When two men occupy a tent together, the duties are

usually divided : one is the best cook, the other attends to the tent, to foraging, and to the unpopular duty of washing up.

During camping is a good time to grow the beards and moustaches one cannot start at home, on account of the ridicule their early stages attract.

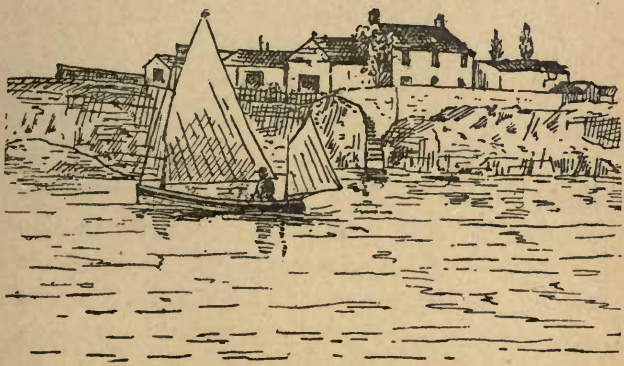
It is difficult to relinquish the free gipsy life when the time comes to return to the office, the shop, the pulpit, or the "bar and its moaning." Collars and leather boots are the necessities of city life which are perhaps the most irksome to renew ; but the top hat and the razor run them close in unpopularity. For the costume in camp is peculiar. Old clothes are worn out, and men, of irreproachable exteriors at home, often resemble brigands or scarecrows in camp.

There are many popular camping grounds where, in summer, tents and campers-out may generally be found all through the season. Several such exist on the Thames ; and for the Mersey and its neighbourhood, a very popular resort for this purpose is Hilbre Island, at the mouth of the estuary of the Dee. As this is a favourite camping place for the second canoe club of Great



Britain—the Mersey Canoe Club—we will devote a little attention to it. Hilbre, although somewhat difficult of access, is an admirable boating station, and compares in this respect favourably with Hoylake, which is silting up year by year, and only allows of three or four hours' sailing on the tide. Hilbre is only an island part of the time ; for a considerable portion of each day the tide leaves a waste of sand between Hilbre and the Cheshire shore, and permits one to walk or ride over from West Kirby or Hoylake. However, there is always water at the north end of the island to permit of sailing in the Hilbre Swash. The island was formerly a coast-guard station ; but for this purpose it was given up by the Admiralty, who sold it to the Mersey Dock Board. This Association keeps a look-out, a life-boat, and a telegraph station on the island, and has other buildings in which buoys and other marine appliances used to be stored. Some years ago Mr. Brandreth, the philanthropist who benefits mankind with pills and plasters, rented some of these buildings, and used to reside there with his family. He kept boats, so that communication with shops and civilization was pos-

sible whether the tide was up or not; and, in general, he behaved like a small king—a sort of Robinson Crusoe, with the solitude modified by a wife and children; and monarch of all he surveyed so long as he kept to the south end of the island, and did not interfere with the Dock Board officials and their preserves. One of his boats is still at the island, and goes by the name of the Pill-box, out of compliment to its former owner, under whom, however, it had a more nautical title. After some time Mr. Brandreth had a difference with his landlords, the Dock Board, and during the negotiations a few boating



AT HILBRE ISLAND.

men—who had coveted the house as a boating station—secured it, and founded the Hilbre Island Club, consisting of about a dozen bachelors. When a member commits the crime of matrimony it is tantamount to resignation; as far as the Hilbre Island Club is concerned, he might just as well go away and die, except that after the former calamity he may be welcome as a visitor, which would scarcely be the case in the latter eventuality. The Mersey Canoe Club rent a large shed, originally used for the storage of buoys; this shed has been fitted up with conveniences for camp-life—ship's bunks have been put up, and hammocks are slung from the beams from which other buoys have hung before. There is a good cooking stove, and plates, knives, forks, spoons, dishes, etc., are to hand; so that the club has a flourishing camping station. Many canoeists spend bank holidays and week-ends at the island, and some keep their boats here altogether, for the tide is not here such a terror as in the Mersey; while smoke, dust, and soot do not soil sails and gear, and ferry boats trouble not. Camping-out at Hilbre has locally the title of "Firking" applied to it, and the Hilbre Island

Club are respected far and wide as the "Firkers." The origin of the term I know not.

Camping-out is not, as some have suggested, merely another term for loafing; hard work is often necessary to its enjoyment, and the idler who shirks his share of the duties, while taking advantage of the results, is soon detected and admonished. Camping-out does include *some* loafing; it would not be the holiday it is otherwise. Camping may be defined as an out-door sport, consisting of living on one's own resources in the open air, away from centres of civilization. The flavour of camping may be more prominently gipsy or nautical. The sport is pursued in unconventional attire; there is no uniform proper thereto, but the clothes are generally old and shabby. Camping-out includes some idling and smoking; some wandering about the country; some cooking, tent-pitching, foraging, chopping firewood; some exploring and sight-seeing, and a good deal of eating and healthy out-of-doors existence. Common, but not necessary, factors are rowing, sailing, fishing, shrimping, botanizing, photography, tennis, cricket and other games; carpentering at boats or furniture,

banjo-playing, singing and other music, and so on.

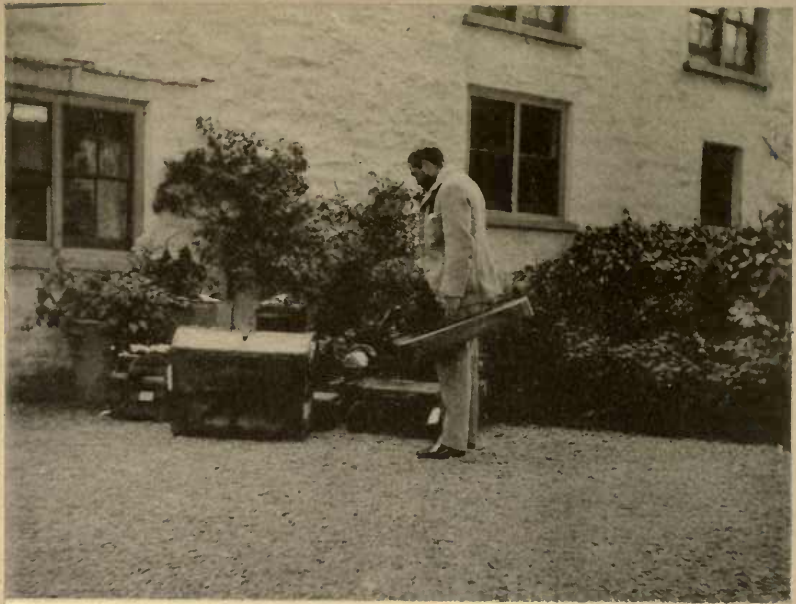
Camping requires a healthy constitution to thoroughly enjoy it; but the bilious, the sickly, or the over-worked cannot spend many hours, in fine weather, engaged in the less laborious branches of the art, without becoming sounder and better men and enthusiastic campers. Once a camper always a camper; once catch the disease and other forms of sport lose their charms. Business or family cares may prevent indulgence in the life, but the longing will be there. Sometimes when the boys are holding a few days camp, a stouter and more bald-headed one than the rest will turn up one day among them, and it is whispered from one to the other that this was a gallant camper in the brave days of old. He is less active than he used to be, he perspires over what he does more than in the past; but the spirit is willing, however weak the flesh. Perhaps he has told the wife he was going to spend the day with a sick friend, or some similar evasion, for he is more careful of his clothes than he used to be, and before dark he has gone. 'Tis the camper of old, re-visiting the scenes of a sport

he is no longer able to indulge in. As a letter from home to the exile, or the sound of cow-bells to the Swiss peasant in a foreign land, so is the sight of his cooking cuisine, or of old clothes which he cannot wear out, to the camper who cannot "get off."

The married man, at any rate for a few years after the catastrophe, is ruined as a canoeist and camper-out, unless he has fortunately happened upon a mate of similar tastes. "Canoeing and camping are both so very dangerous," says the bride, "all my friends say so, and dear mamma said she was *sure* you would give them up now." Many a good canoeist have we known to brave the breeze in safety, but to go down before the curtain lecture. However, thanks be! many of them return to us anon! If the young husband be allowed to come to camp at all, it is in a half-bred manner. A few wives there are who camp out with their worse halves, or insist on them spending a large part of their time in camp; but most married couples go to hotels or apartments and visit the camp occasionally, being rowed over in a barge, or driven across in a growler. A canoeist of our acquaintance had been married a

short time previous to one of our meets. On former occasions, when going for a holiday, he had been accustomed to take his luggage and blankets in a rubber bag, and his bed and lodgings in a tin box; he generally forgot his toothbrush, and had to run back for it, and bring it in his vest pocket along with some postcards and a pipe. On this occasion he had to pack days before, and write for rooms, and send a deposit, and give references, and all that sort of thing. Happening to call on him, we found him in the porch, contemplating in speechless misery the amount of luggage a married man requires. We took a detective photograph of him at this moment as a warning to other campers, and to be issued to the various Canoe Clubs in leaflet form for distribution, with underneath Punch's advice to those about to marry—"don't."

Men who have camped together become very attached to one another. In the camp all classes and ages amalgamate; to be a canoeist and a gentleman is all the qualification required. The liveliest and best of campers are not always the younger men, and the most popular may hold the lowest social position elsewhere. The freedom



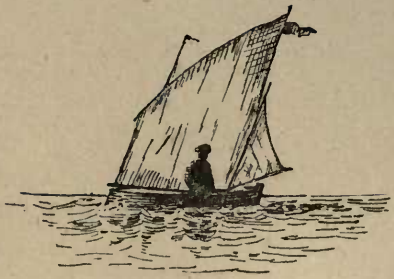
THE JOYS OF MATRIMONY.

from artificial restraints, the mutual help required and given, the rough gipsy existence, remove all distinctions of age and rank. The enthusiastic camper is always young and jolly. Oliver Wendell Holmes voices the condition of affairs when he writes :—

"Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out without making a noise!
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!
We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—young Jackanapes! Show him the door!
"Grey temples at twenty"?—Yes! *White*, if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest, there's nothing can freeze!
We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction—of course its all fudge.
That fellow's the "Speaker"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—What's his name?—Don't make me laugh!

* * * * * * * * *

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen,
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away;
Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its grey!
The stars of its Winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, the Boys."



## Chapter II.

# CANOES AND CANOEING.

"On the great streams the ships may go
About men's business to and fro;
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
On crystal waters, ankle deep.
I, whose diminutive design
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
A hand may launch; a hand withhold;
I, the unnamed, inviolate
Green rustic rivers navigate;
My dipping paddle scarcely shakes
The berry in the bramble-brakes.
Still forth on my green way I wend;
Beside the cottage garden end:
And by the nested angler fare,
And take the lovers unaware.
By willow, wood, and water-wheel
Speedily fleets my touching keel;
By all retired and shady spots
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots."

Robert Louis Stephenson.

To give an unexceptionable dictionary definition of a canoe is, now-a-days, no easy task. To hear large boats, yacht-rigged, heavily ballasted, and able to carry 5, 6, or more passengers, called canoes might lead one to imagine that anything in the way of a boat, and sharp at both ends, may be rightly so termed. The possession of a canoe stern, as it is called, does not of itself constitute a boat a canoe. The term "Canoe Yawl" has lately been introduced to include the larger boats which somewhat resemble canoes; but even this is not entirely satisfactory, for the boats are not canoes, and very many of them are not yawls.

The chief canoe club in this country, the Royal Canoe Club, thus classifies canoes. A first-class canoe must not exceed 16 feet in length, with a maximum beam of 30 inches for that length; the beam may be increased ⅛-inch for every inch of length decreased; but the length may not be decreased below 12 feet, nor the beam below 28 inches. Second-class canoes may not have less beam than 26 inches. There are also regulations as to ballast, centre-plates, and sail area, while out-board deck seats are forbidden. These measurements, however, only refer to

canoes for the club races, and not as to what is and what is not a canoe. Dixon Kemp defines a canoe as—"a vessel propelled with a paddle or with sail, by a person or persons facing forward; she is a vessel capable of navigating shallow water as well as open rough water; and she is a vessel not too large or heavy for land portage by two men when her ballast and stores have been removed." With regard to this it may be observed that, now-a-days, oars and folding rowlocks have become very common, even in small canoes, and the deck-seat position for sailing is general, therefore the canoeist does not face forward during either method of progression. Again, "shallow" and "portage" require definition themselves. How shallow? For a Norfolk wherry would fit this part of the definition. What is portage? Does it mean merely lifting, as would seem from the next sentence in Mr. Kemp's book? Even if so, the Vital Sparks and the other boats he calls Mersey Sailing Canoes must be re-named; while if the word means carry round a rapid, or past a lock, they need be two strong men who portage some of the canoes of to-day.

British canoes are decked over, and are classed according to various types, named after the first boats constructed on the different designs. The chief models are:—the Rob Roy, a light, short boat, with no sheer, and chiefly suited for paddling; the Nautilus, a wider boat, with rising floor, much sheer, and a rockered keel, adapted for sailing; the Ringleader, longer than the Rob Roy; and the Pearl, with a flatter floor than the Nautilus. Perhaps a better classification is that of Dixon Kemp's, into paddling and sailing canoes; the latter again being divided into paddleable-sailing and sailable-paddling.

Next to Mr. John Macgregor (Rob Roy), Messrs. Baden Powell (Nautilus) and Tredwen (Pearl) have done most towards the evolution of the modern British canoe. These two gentlemen, not only by the designs, rigs, and fittings they have developed, but also by their skill in the practical handling of their boats, have done much to popularize and improve the sport in this country.

The R.C.C. and the Mersey C.C. recognize a class for Canoe Yawls, which they define thus:—length over all not exceeding 20 feet; beam not

less than 3 feet; depth from upper side of deck to under side of keel, measured at any point, not exceeding 3 feet; rating not to exceed 0·5 $\left[\frac{\text{length} \times \text{sail area}}{6000}\right]$; no ballast outside or below the garboards, excepting centre-plate or drop keels; no transom or counter-stern. This would include the Mersey Sailing Canoes—a large class of sailing boats which may reach 20 feet in length, 5 feet 6 inches in beam, and 2 feet 6 inches in depth, with 8 cwt. or more ballast, and considerable passenger accommodation; although it is to be observed that the Vital Sparks are excluded, as they have lead keels. The larger class of boats is becoming very popular in this country, especially on the Mersey and Humber. Very handy and comfortable boats they are, but it is to be hoped their popularity will not diminish the demand for canoes; for the canoe proper is a more suitable boat for inland work, including cruises on rivers, canals, lakes, and similar waters, where an occasional portage may be required, and where sailing is frequently impossible.

This is not the place to discuss build or rig, nor to dilate upon the pleasure and health to be derived from the sport of canoeing. Since 1865,

when Rob Roy launched his first canoe, and especially since his entertaining books were published, the sport has become popular in England, and still more so in America and Canada. The sailing cruising canoe of the present day—the poor man's yacht, as it has been called—affords in our opinion the best all round

sport of any boat that swims. On deck in a fresh breeze there is excitement enough for anybody; sitting below, and paddling down a river, there is sufficient security for the most timid. The writer has sailed in many different kinds of craft at home and abroad, and has himself owned

many varieties during the years he has taken pleasure in no other form of sport than boating. For the delight of sailing for sailing's sake—the *gaudia navigationis*—he prefers a British sailing canoe to any clipper yacht or sailing boat afloat. In no other vessel are craft and crew so in sympathy; in none is there such a sense of not only directing the energy of the flying body, but of *being* the thing itself actually skimming over the tide. Only a bird can know what a canoeist feels in a sailing canoe, on a wind, sitting on deck, with the foot under the opposite coaming—the fall of the sheet in one hand, and the tiller in the other—a fresh breeze on the cheek, and a little popple on the briny.

What is there in this world, lovely woman excepted, to equal for beauty a white-winged canoe? A racing cutter under full sail is a glorious sight, but, in her own way, the clipper yacht's humble sister—the sailing canoe—is no less beautiful, and has the additional charm we associate with the tiny in nature. No doubt many a good amateur sailor sails in ugly craft, with dingy sails, and with fittings rough and ready; and many a dingy old hooker has sailed

in a-head of a fleet of more handsome vessels at the close of a hard sailed race. None the less—smartness, tidiness, and cleanliness is rightly the desire of most men who own a boat, however small or cheap she may be. A canoeist would rather hear his boat's praise than his own. It is all very well for the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table to advise that :—

> "True to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
> We'll trim our broad sail as before,
> And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
> Nor ask how we look from the shore."

But the amateur seaman is very concerned as to how he looks from the shore. There must be clean sails properly trimmed, with no Irish pennants trailing aloft, no lines towing below ; for the smallest boat may be ship-shape.

Canoeing is not a summer pursuit alone. Even in winter paddling is generally, and sailing often, possible ; while in the dark long evenings the canoeist has rigging to be done, designs and fittings to be considered, logs to be written up, camp fires to be arranged for, lantern slides to be looked at or prepared ; while many a

bonnie boatie has been built during the off-season by its future crew.

Much nonsense has been uttered about the danger of canoeing. The boats are generally life-boats, and even if upset can be righted, re-entered, and bailed. Of course the canoeist should be able to swim, but so should everyone. It is not at all a necessity to the sport ever to upset: we know canoeists of over fifteen years' standing, constantly afloat at all times of the year and all the year round, who have never been upset; but, should such an accident occur, there is no harm beyond a wetting. Of what other craft can this be said? It has been the writer's fate to be capsized in various craft, always due to his own carelessness or that of others: he has vivid recollections of the comparative safety of an upset canoe to other capsized craft. On the Mersey the little canoes are seen out at all seasons. With spars housed and lashed, and apron on, they will live in really heavy seas under paddle, and it must be pretty stiff when they can't sail with some bit of a rag showing. A canoeist who has practised upsetting, righting, and climbing into his canoe, has little to dread from an accidental

capsize. In what other craft does the crew upset for the mere pleasure of so doing? In what other clubs is capsizing an intentional incident in races held at their regattas? Again, whoever heard of a canoeist being drowned? I don't refer under the term "canoeist" to the man who thinks it *looks* easy enough, and who stands on the side of the coaming when getting in, or who imagines you have only to pull some strings, up goes the sail, and off you go. To him who will take some little trouble to understand his boat and the elements of sailing, and who will paddle before he sails, and sail with a small sail before he emulates the racer's spread, the sport is safe enough. The cherub aloft pays special attention to canoeists, as *he* must have felt who inscribed on his canoe the verse:—

"They say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live in stormy seas:
It may be so, yet every sail
Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze;
Nor strength, nor size can hold them fast,
But fortune's favour, heaven's decree.
Let others trust in oars and mast,
But may the gods take care of me."

As an instance of how slightly the canoeist

rates a capsize we may relate the following. At a regatta of the Mersey Canoe Club, one of the sailing races was from Tranmere to Eastham, on

the Mersey. There was a stiffish breeze blowing, and most of the boats of the competing fleet were under small sail or reefed. One of the members, however, showed symptoms of starting with full sail. "You are never going to take that sail to-day," said our genial captain and starter. "Why, certainly!" was the reply. "You can't possibly carry it, man!" Now whether this remark, acting on the contrariness of human nature, determined

our friend to take that sail, or whether he had previously made his mind up to that attempt, we know not; but off he went with it all standing. Three several times between Tranmere and Eastham was he blown clean over; three times did he right his craft, crawl in again, re-hoist that ridiculous sail, and continue the voyage, scorning both help and advice. He did not win the race, but as he passed the mark-boat he was heard to console himself with the enquiry: "Who said I couldn't carry that sail?"

Canoeing is a form of boat-sailing that requires both practice and some natural gift before a man can become an expert. It is well for the intending canoeist, if possible, to learn the rudiments of the art in some other form of craft; in one in which a little tardiness in the necessary manœuvres is not so readily punished as it is in sailing a canoe. We know men who have spent many a holiday canoeing who have never become decent sailors; they are, many of them, admirable paddlers and campers, and are enthusiastic about canoeing, but sailors they will never make—it is not in them. They have not the instinct that tells the expert when the ship is out of trim, when

she is off the wind, or when everything is drawing its best; or they lose heart when the canoe heels, down sail, and resort to the trusty paddle. However, no one knows how skilful a canoe sailor he may become with patience and practice; there are many examples of beginners, after only a few trials afloat, carrying off racing cups from old hands who have served a life-long apprenticeship to the sport.

A canoe is one of the most difficult of sailing boats to manage, and experienced yacht and boat sailors may be all at sea in a canoe. We remember inviting a man who did not know what fear was when aboard "a boat that is a boat," to join us in a sail. As soon as he saw the kind of craft in which he was expected to go afloat, and observed the apparent flightiness of her behaviour under sail, he remarked that there was not money enough in Liverpool to induce him to go aboard. A canoe under sail appears to the onlooker much less under control than she really is. The readiness with which she heels to the varying strength of the breeze, and the nearness of her crew to the water, give her an appearance of instability, very strange

to the eye of the sailor (professional or amateur), who is only accustomed to stiffer craft. This appearance is increased by the crew being proportionally so much larger than in any other form of boat. "That's suicide, that is," we were lately told by the anchor watch of a coasting schooner, past which we were sailing. Little did he imagine that he—good easy man—ran much greater risk every time his crazy hulk bore him "up along."

To the beginner it is valuable, and almost necessary, to go out a few times with some more experienced canoeist to teach him "the ropes." For this purpose a double canoe or a canoe yawl is useful; if these be not available the instructor may paddle within hail. It is one of the chief advantages of canoe clubs that the young canoeist, joining such a body, can always find friendly members to show him the rudiments of the art, and to accompany him a few times in case of emergency. It is, however, worse than useless to give the novice advice in the shape of a string of technical terms, such for instance as:—"Never been out before! Oh, there's nothing in it—this is the main halliard, you pull that and up goes

the sail, cleat it, take the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other, keep her full, and there you are!" It was full of such judicious advice that the writer first went afloat; he had some idea of the "strings," but never having been in a sailing boat of any kind before, he knew nothing of the actual management of a canoe under sail. However, it *sounded* ridiculously simple, for, of course, "in the puffs you just luff her up, sit well out to windward, and ease the mainsheet; keep her to the wind, but, if you get off the wind, for Heaven's sake don't gybe." The writer imagines he believed luffing to consist in pulling in the string called the sheet; and he remembers that, as he did not know what a gybe was, he felt confident he could not do it. After paddling well away from critical eyes, he hoisted sail, and even to-day he can recall the sense of bewildered amazement with which he regarded the fuss such a proceeding entailed. The canoe rushed wildly about, and began describing circles, over which the startled novice had no control whatever; he was too confused to uncleat the halliard and drop the sail, so he hurriedly thought over his nautical aphorisms. There was but little time for consideration—he de-

termined, however, not to "gybe," but to "prepare to luff." There was a strong breeze, and the canoe, by some arrangement or other, had now got the wind abeam, and was lying well over; this was evidently the time for action, so the sheet was firmly hauled in. The result was so unsatisfactory that the further measure of sitting out to windward was thought necessary, and would have been carried out had he not been fairly 'chucked' out to leeward; and cold enough is half an hour in the Mersey in the month of April, for he had not learned to get back on board, so had to hold on until rescued. Thus endeth the first lesson, and in a day or two we went afloat again. What makes canoe sailing a speciality is the fact that, with this craft, the constant tending of the mainsheet is as important as the attention to the tiller, while in no other boat is the personal balancing of the crew, as shifting ballast, of so much importance in proportion to the initial stability of the vessel itself. When sailing in larger craft, even in large yachts, the canoeist has the feeling that the mainsheet ought to be loose, and he is inclined instinctively to lean his puny weight to windward whenever the vessel heels.

Running before the wind is, we consider, the canoe's weak point. She readily runs under, and with her low freeboard, the boom soon catches the water as she rolls—both risky events. A gybe commonly either finds the crew in the way of the boom, or carries this spar forward of the mast, where the leverage may soon roll the canoe over. Almost every canoe capsize the writer has witnessed or heard of has been when before the

wind. In anything in the way of a breeze, even an intentional gybe in a canoe is something to anticipate with interest, and to look back on with relief.

*Canoe Yawls.*—In a chapter on canoeing something may be written about the variety of boats included in the class of the canoe yawls. These boats resemble canoes in their shape and build, and in the character of much of their work. Having little draught, they can be navigated on rivers and inland waters, and, having keels or centre-boards, they are seaworthy boats about harbours and estuaries, and even on more open waters. A canoe yawl is almost as easily rowed as a canoe is paddled; true, it cannot be so easily carried ashore, or dragged round obstacles, or taken by train, as the canoe proper; on the other hand, it is a better sailer, and allows of two or more sailing together. Talking, idling, and moving about are more easily managed when several friends are seated in a canoe yawl; the position is less cramped, and meals can be better prepared than when the men are divided up in the separate canoes in the form of a little fleet. A boat-tent is readily erected on the yawl, and

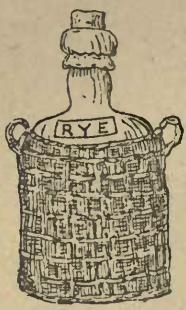
two or more may sleep in comfort afloat. On a cruise, or where the camp is a movable one, this does away with the labour of frequently pitching and striking shore-tents. A canoe yawl affords sport resembling that obtained both in a canoe and in a yacht; with, however, some of the special advantages of both these forms of craft omitted. It is not so independent of wind and tide as a canoe, nor so safe if upset, and it lacks the weatherliness and accommodation of a yacht. Two, three, or more men may go away for quite a long cruise, coastwise, in a canoe yawl; but such close and constant companionship requires more good temper and comradeship than does a cruise in larger vessels. There is no chance of retiring to the cabin for a smoke or a sulk; no secure corner in which to be quiet or sick. Sometimes there is hard work to be done, sometimes a spice of danger to be faced, often a disappointment to be supported; and unless the crew be "jolly companions, every one," rows will be frequent. In small boat-sailing, as much as in any sport, the best laid schemes "aft gang agley," or astray, or however the Scottish bard may express it; and, like

Mark Tapley, its votary must be jolly under all circumstances. We believe that, if you can go a cruise with a man in a canoe yawl without a rumpus, your friendship will stand any strain likely to be thrown on it ashore : a most mild and agreeable man at tennis, or in the social circle, may prove an irritable and cranky nuisance afloat.

The writer well remembers one of the most enjoyable cruises he ever made was in a canoe yawl. As an illustration of the all-round work these little boats are suitable for, it may perhaps be permitted him to give a short account of this voyage.

Early one April three of us started for a voyage down the Welsh coast. Stores for a cruise were shipped, not forgetting those necessaries to the sailor (amateur or professional), 'beer and baccy.' As it was so early in the year, we arranged to sleep ashore, at hotels if possible. One of the crew being a young Sawbones, there was shipped, out of deference to him, and to be strictly considered as a 'medical comfort' for emergencies, a little wicker-cased bottle containing a universal panacea. This medicine-chest was entrusted to

the surgeon to the expedition, and was by him labelled 'Rye'; his scientific instincts tempted




The Medicine Chest.

him to ticket the receptacle 'Alcohol,' but the lay members induced him not to do so, as there was quite enough confusion with the methylated spirit on board without further complications. It would have been a shame, they said, to interfere with the simplicity of the arrangement by which we always mistook the spirit for water, and *vice versâ*. The cook invariably poured water into the cooking cuisine, and made the tea or slaked his thirst from the methylated spirit tin. To save his life it was necessary, though difficult,

to induce him to always drink beer. Therefore, it was resolved to keep the whiskey in the bottle, instead of in a tin, and then we could only confuse it with the oil for the riding light; a mistake of much less importance, for, whichever was taken, the Doctor was satisfied; he said it was a delusion that cod-liver-oil was better than other oils for medicinal purposes, so whichever you got—Spirit Vini. Rect. or Oleum Colzæ—was the very one he would have recommended for your complaint.

We started from Tranmere, on the Mersey, rather late in the evening, with an hour's ebb-tide. It was necessary to wait outside Hoylake gutter until the flood brought enough water for us to sail up to Hoylake; so the hook was thrown over and tea prepared. Oh that first day of a spring holiday, after the cold fogs and hard work of the winter! How jolly to be in a boat again—to be without collars and top-hats—to be beyond reach of the postman, the tax collector, and the "knocker-up in the morning." How real and vivid everything seems! It is many years ago, but the writer remembers as though it were last week that festive meal in the dark in the Rock Channel, as we sat huddled together in the well

of the boat under the lowered mainsail (for the nights are chilly in April), the lights of the Hoylake lighthouses ahead, and those of Bidston and Leasowe shining astern. For company there was a flat anchored near, waiting a tide so as to have the flood to Liverpool. The writer can recall the whole scene—the articles of the *menu*—the very conversation. Many of the remarks made he can remember ; among them a flash of genius from one of the party. The *pièce de resistance* of the meal was potted meat spread upon bread and butter, and much annoyance was caused by the reef-lines from the improvised tent continually falling into the preparation ; however, in the midst of his irritation our friend announced the discovery of a new nautical proverb, viz :—"every reef-point has its own potted meat." As evidence of our guileless state of mind, I may state that this idiotic remark was received with laughter, and became a common saying on board whenever things did not go quite as desired ; sharing in popularity with a proverb one of us had devised on a previous cruise when, after we had run aground, he was persuaded to jump out on to some suspicious-looking mud, in order to

push us off, by our assuring him it was as 'hard as iron'; he sank in the black abomination up to his knees, and, in his misery, gave vent to the insane sentence—"All that's slimy is not fish." It must be an ingenuous state of mind that can see fun in such remarks, but the boating man will laugh at anything. These proverbs belong to the class of joke which it is impossible to write with any effect, or to explain to anyone who was not present at their birth. Such are the allusions common to two or more individuals in which outsiders can see no fun, but are astonished at the merriment the simple remark never fails to bring forth; simply because the stranger cannot picture the original cause or scene to which, consciously or not, the joke owes its richness in the appreciation of the elect few. These witticisms are mysterious to the uninitiated until, by repetition and the mellowing of time, they also return the allusion its due meed of laughter, though they would be puzzled to say why. Most families and 'sets' have such jokes, with which strangers intermeddle not; such as:—"Just like the fat policeman, eh? Bob"; or, "Polly knows why the milk is sour"; at which

other members of the charitable home-circle laugh, while Bob gets cross and Polly blushes. Goldsmith's squire was peculiarly attached to the family story of the "grouse in the gun-room," and Slender says to Shallow:—"Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest—how my father stole two geese out of a pen—good uncle." Probably the squire's guests and Mistress Anne thought the crusty old anecdotes as wearisome as the reader will mine. But while we have been talking the tea and potted meat are done; there is now water enough in the lake, so we up anchor and sail to opposite the Hoylake lighthouses, make all snug, and arrive at the Stanley Arms at midnight. Next morning the sun was brightly shining, and there was a gentle breeze in the direction we desired. After sailing close to the north end of Hilbre Island, a course was shaped for the Menai Straits. A spinnaker was set, and we bowled along merrily, telling tales, singing songs (choruses indispensable), feeding, and taking turns at steering and at dozing 'forrard.' The wind gradually increased in strength—first the spinnaker had to come in, and soon we had to reef mainsail. On nearing Puffin Island we

found rather high waves for so small a boat as ours, and the little ship rolled badly. The skipper at the helm seemed to regard the state of affairs with equanimity—his only concern apparently being the spray on his eye-glass ; but then he was an old hand, who had "wantoned with the breakers from a boy," and probably cut his teeth on marlin.

There is no disguising the fact that we two others were getting into a blue funk. We began to get out the life-belts, merely, of course, for curiosity's sake ; we were too full of false shame to put them on ; however, a nasty gybe soon altered this to the extent of our blowing the belts up at any rate. The writer made internal resolutions to forswear boating and take to skittles. We were somewhat comforted by seeing the boss so placid, but all the same we got our shoes and overcoats off ; would that I could say we reviewed our past sinful lives with dismay—perhaps the story books are wrong, perhaps our consciences were lighter then than now. Personally, my own firm intentions were to sell the boat at Beaumaris, or even give her away if necessary, if we ever got there. Nevertheless she carried us many a mile

since then. The tide was running well out of the Menai Straits, so we did not make rapid way, as reckoned along the shore of Puffin Island, although we were flying through the water. The 'Prince Arthur' came steaming out close to us, and seemed quite a companion in the dusk after our lonely sail; she did not appear to recognize the waves over which we were making such a fuss. We dropped anchor at last under shelter of Beaumaris Pier, after a run of six hours from Hoylake—a creditable passage for a boat 16½ ft. long × 5 ft. beam, with depth from gunwale to garboards of 1½ ft., and a thin 8-inch keel of boiler-plate dropping one foot. In the morning we walked to Bangor and back by the famed Suspension Bridge. On leaving Bangor we saw a crowd of boys, evidently in wait for their prey—the tourist. Our costume, a cross between that of a bargee and a railway porter, was enabling us to escape unnoticed and untaxed, when the Doctor must needs air his limited stock of Welsh. The result was deplorable; the whole pack started in pursuit, singing lugubrious Welsh songs, interspersed with petitions of "penny for sing." Threats and frowns were of no avail. The

Doctor's Welsh vocabulary included some awfully guttural 'cuss' words, which, if they were as blood-curdling in meaning as in sound, should have destroyed the entire population of the neighbourhood, and given the Medico himself the lock-jaw. All in vain. Temporary relief and revenge could be obtained by throwing a penny down the hill, when the crowd would charge down upon it and fight over it. By this means a good return for the penny in torn clothes and youthful ill-feeling was produced, and a few strides respite secured. Eventually, however, we had to arm ourselves against the descendants of Glendower and Jones with half-bricks, and, when round a corner, we resorted to precipitate and ignominious flight. About midday we got afloat, and beat across, under storm mainsail, against a dead 'noser' to Conway—a wet day's work. Out of the Conway estuary a strong tide was running, and to make way we had to row, kedge and tow. The latter method was very unpopular, the water being cold, and the bottom consisting of mussels, all and each of which had its business end upwards and fresh sharpened.

Next morning we started from Conway, hoping

to get to Rhyl. The wind seemed favourable, but this was due to the draught up the harbour, for outside a stiff head-wind was found. A yacht was spoken, and we heard that she had given up after trying to beat round the Great Orme's Head. So we returned for a sail up the Conway river. Favoured by a fair wind, bright clear sky, and the tide, we had a glorious sail up to Trefriw. We could sail close to the banks, on to which two of us would occasionally leap for a stroll; we sang, we ate, we drank, we smoked; how the Lotos-eaters would have enjoyed life the more had they known tobacco! We left the return journey a little too late on the tide, and had some difficulty with the channel, having to all turn out and wade occasionally. The crass stupidity of the few Welshmen on the banks endeared them to us personally, but their advice did not much facilitate our progress down stream. One 'race' down, which we had to run, gave us some anxiety on account of the partly submerged boulders, but we escaped with only one unpleasant bump. A grand dinner and a subsequent cigar and smoke with some Mersey yachtsmen at Conway concluded a day well worthy the distinction of a red

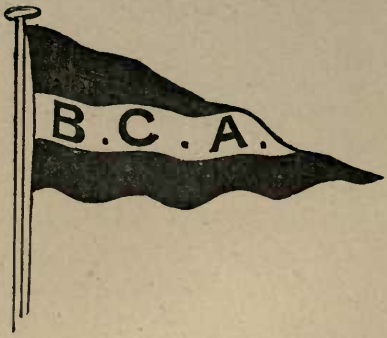
letter; in fact we could not have imagined any improvement, except perhaps to drift:—

> "With indolent fingers fretting the tide,
> And an indolent arm round a darling waist."

Next day another fine and glorious morning greeted us, the wind had gone down somewhat, and seemed more in our favour. A good sail out of the harbour and estuary was made, but the wind falling light, it was necessary to row round the Orme, in order to get out of the tide setting up the river, and into that flowing homewards. The wind veered about in light gusts, and the greater part of the day was spent in drifting past Llandudno and getting sunburnt. Many varieties of sea-bird allowed us to come close to them because we had no gun, of which fact it is proverbial birds make it a point to acquaint themselves before they come near human beings, to jeer at and abuse us for our incapacity to do them harm. Towards sundown we were opposite Abergele Church, a well-known landmark, and the question arose whether we should put into Rhyl or sail on through the night. The latter course was determined upon, but the wind kept light and occasionally headed us, so our

progress past the lights of Rhyl was a slow one. We lighted the riding light and put it under the stern sheets, where we sat abreast with the sail cover over our legs, thus making a warm air chamber for our legs, as the night was cold. Here we sat through most of the night, chatting and singing until we passed the Point of Aire light, which we found after steering by a pocket compass and the stars. Soon we noticed, by our position with regard to the furnace lights of Mostyn, that we were being rapidly carried up the Dee by the tide, so after running into a buoy, which seemed to get up in the darkness and rush at us, we found it best to row for an hour or more. By this means a good course for Hilbre Isle was made, and a few minutes hard pulling got us round the point and into the tide for Hoylake, where we anchored at 4 o'clock in the morning. It was considered too cold to sleep on board, and we could not go on to Liverpool on this tide, so we went ashore in the hope of finding some good Samaritan to take us in. We hammered at the Lake Inn for some time, but were ordered to 'begone,' so we 'begoned.' The lighthouse seemed the only thing awake and friendly, so for

that we made. The keeper took pity upon us and found us a house where we got a bed, for which, cold and tired as we were, we were deeply grateful. After three hours of blissful sleep, an early start enabled us to reach the Mersey betimes. Here the boat was run up the Yacht Slip at Tranmere to the Mersey Canoe Club premises; her crew returning to work and the 'busy haunts of men.' This extensive and successful cruise in a canoe yawl took, therefore, less than five whole days; and by neither a canoe nor a yacht could it, in its entirety, have been similarly carried out.




## CHAPTER III.

## THE BRITISH CANOE ASSOCIATION.

"A sudden thought strikes me,
Let us swear an eternal friendship."—CANNING.

Previously to the year 1887, although the various canoe clubs of Great Britain had held meets on different waters for camping and canoeing, no attempt at an inter-club meet had been made. In August, 1887, three or four clubs were invited by the Royal Canoe Club to arrange a cruise in company on the Norfolk Broads. A few men from each of these clubs assembled, and a very successful cruise took place. At a meeting held during this cruise it was suggested that an association to arrange for future meets of the kind should be formed ; the idea was dis-

cussed, was enthusiastically adopted, and, despite influential opposition, has been carried to a successful issue. The enormous advance in America of late years in the sport of canoeing, both in skill and popularity, has been largely due to the success of the American Canoe Association, so it was determined to found on similar lines an association for Great Britain. As the face of friend sharpeneth friend, it was felt that such an association, with its meets, camp fires, etc.—where the doings of the clubs, the designs, rigs, and performances of boats, the suitability of camping and sailing grounds could be discussed and compared—would give the sport in this country an impetus there were signs of its being in need of. Much increased interest in the sport has already (1890) been the result of the formation of the society ; and canoeing in this country owes much to those gentlemen who founded the Association. The B.C.A. has now a hundred and fifty members, and its success is established. The gentlemen to whom this is chiefly due are :—Mr. E. B. Tredwen, its first Vice-Commodore ; Mr. Percy Nisbet, its invaluable Secretary-Treasurer from the commence-

ment until now; Mr. T. H. Holding, and Mr. H. Wilmer, all of the Royal Canoe Club; Messrs. Bartley and Livingstone, of the Mersey Canoe Club; Mr. G. F. Holmes, of the Humber Yawl Club; and Mr. R. M. Richardson, of the Tyne Club. The Association has been fortunate in receiving the approval of Rob Roy Macgregor, who has been its Commodore from the commencement.

The first meet was held at Loch Lomond in 1888, the second on Lake Windermere in 1889. Both of these were enjoyable gatherings, despite the rainy weather which accompanied both expeditions. The meet in 1890 was on Falmouth Harbour, and was an unequivocal success in every way.

We will add a few extracts from the B.C.A. rules, and can cordially recommend every canoeist to apply for membership to the Secretary at 1, Water Lane, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

"This association shall be called 'The British Canoe Association.' Its object shall be the promotion of Cruises and Meets, whereby Canoeists of the United Kingdom, irrespective of clubs, may unite for the purpose of cruising and camp-

ing ; furthermore, it aims to establish reasonable tariffs for land and water transit of canoes, for procuring concessions and permissions for the navigation of Canals, Streams, and Lakes, and in all possible ways to procure increased facilities for cruising, camping, and exploration. Any gentleman may become a member of this Association whose application for membership has been approved, and who has been duly proposed, seconded, and elected by the Committee. The officers of this Association shall be a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, and Rear-Commodore, and a Secretary-Treasurer, to be elected at the General Annual Meeting."

Ladies are eligible for membership.

## Chapter IV.

## WITH THE BRITISH CANOE ASSOCIATION TO LAKE WINDERMERE.

Oh Windermere! Thy placid charms
I never can forget;
Thy hills, thy rills, thy pleasant farms,
Thy everlasting wet!
Full many a rainy place I've seen,
In equinoctial clime;
But there the rain came now and then,
Here it rains all the time!

THE CANOEIST'S FAREWELL.

The camp-site for 1889 was situated at Beeholm, at the Waterhead end of Lake Windermere, on the opposite shore to the landing place for Ambleside. The camping place was in a very pretty spot, on ground sloping down to the water, and well sheltered by lofty trees. The shore consisted of sharp stones, therefore small wooden piers were constructed in order to facilitate the landing from and the embarking in the boats, and to afford a diving place for the morning swim. The water of the lake is so cold that,

on rising in the early morning, it took some time to determine whether it was not 'altogether too chilly this morning for a bath,' or whether one had not 'got a bit of a cold coming on,' or whether a swim on an empty stomach was not a bad thing in general, and this morning in particular. Now, when there was, in addition to the anticipated shock, a painful limp over stones all carefully arranged by a painstaking dispensation, with the points up, while the cold water crept slowly up one's shivering frame, the odds were against the bath; the result being that one went about all day with that feeling of a cowardly dereliction of duty, which seems to generally haunt the Briton who has omitted his morning dip. After the stages were constructed, this slow wading into the element was unnecessary; it was much less excusable to funk; the pyjamas were resolutely thrown off, a run down the plank taken, and, although the water was always "co-o-older than ever this morning, boys"; still, each boy felt he would be disgraced before his conscience if he did not screw his courage to the sticking place and take the plunge.

The Meet was fairly well attended; several

lady members lodged at Waterhead, or at Beeholm Farm; two of these were brides, one being on her honeymoon. There is always a funny man in camp, so of course these poor creatures were told that they had come to the camp in the search for 'canoebial' bliss.

The canoes were unloaded from the trains at Lakeside, and, as the camp was at the other end of the lake, it was necessary to sail or paddle them thereto.

The farm at Beeholm supplied dairy produce; for other stores Ambleside was very convenient, and, the Association having rented a big row-boat, the camp attendant was able to bring stores, letters, and whatever else was required, across from the village to the camp.

The view from the camp was a lovely one, including the Langdale Pikes and other hills; Waterhead, with Mr. McIver's seat and landing place; and, further down the lake, Lowood, beloved of the newly wed.

Although there were one or two very fine days during the fortnight, still on many of the days the Lake District upheld its character for 'heavy wet.' There was too much weather about, and the rain

LAKE WINDERMERE, 1889.

was "frequent and painful and free," as was the language in which it was discussed, or merely 'cussed.'

Fortunately, the very finest day of the meet favoured the coaching expedition. A coach was chartered for a drive to Keswick; the previous rain had laid the dust, and, the day being gloriously fine, the drive through much of the loveliest part of the Lake District was thoroughly enjoyed. It was a very pretty sight to see the fleet sailing over to Waterhead to join the coach at the Waterhead Hotel. The club flag was hoisted behind the coach, and the language, of course, was nautical. The driver never rightly understood how to port or starboard his horses when requested so to do, and it took some time to induce him to stop by the command to 'cast anchor.' It is very probable that he considered us quite a new variety of lunatics; for the long-shore loafer, with his mouth full of nautical terms, is not so common an object at the Lakes as at the seaside. He was perhaps more accustomed to discordant noise such as the din we succeeded in making with his coach-horn; for it is probable that, by practising on this instrument in turns,

and assisting it by a sixpenny trumpet, we established a record in the district. After an enjoyable drive through lovely scenery, a luxurious meal was provided at the Royal Oak at Keswick; after which the company strolled about the neighbourhood; many devoting their energies to buying Keswick lead pencils with the names of the purchaser, or of friends at home, stamped thereon.

Sing-songs were held in the camp on several evenings, banjos and good voices being at command. There was a piano in the committee marquee, and two concerts were carried out, to one of which visitors from the neighbourhood were invited; a creditable vocal and instrumental performance resulted, which earned the commendation of the local press. After the concert, one of the brides presented the little flags won in the races which had been held; for, although racing is not regarded as a feature of these meets, a few had been arranged and carried out.

Two evenings were enlivened by lantern-slide exhibitions of canoeing cruises, held in the marquee.

On one evening a convivial supper of the

members and their friends was discussed at the Waterhead Hotel; after this the boats were illuminated by Chinese lanterns, and were paddled and sailed about the lake between the camp and Ambleside. A very pretty effect was produced, and was witnessed by large numbers of people from the neighbourhood. Processions in line and in file were carried out, the evolutions ending in a mass meeting in the centre of this end of the lake, and here songs and choruses took place, after which the lamplighted boaties returned to camp.

At the annual meeting of the Association, Mr. R. M. Richardson was elected Vice-Commodore; and various places for next year's meet were discussed. After the meeting the members were photographed in group for the new Year-Book.

When the time came for our pleasant camp to break up, it was agreed that such gatherings were the best way to spend one's holidays, and with Black-eyed Susan we cried:—

"We only part to meet again."

## Chapter V.

## WITH THE BRITISH CANOE ASSOCIATION TO FALMOUTH.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

For the fourth inter-club meet, and the third of the British Canoe Association, Falmouth was selected by the votes of the constituency; the other places submitted for consideration by the management having been Holland and Lough Erne.

A better choice than this magnificent harbour could not have been made, and the meeting was a success in every way.

The camp field was situated at Pencarrow Point, on the outer harbour, about a mile and a half from Falmouth town by water, and about the same distance from Flushing by the road, from which village there is a ferry across the inner

harbour to Falmouth. The postal address was Mylor; the camp being situated at the mouth of Mylor Creek, and near the parish church. Stores and other necessaries could readily be obtained from Falmouth by road or water; while a farm close by supplied the campers with dairy and farm produce. The camp was situated near the shore station and recreation grounds of the training ship *Ganges*, and to the officers of this ship the Association became much indebted for the loan of water-breakers, forms, tables, etc., as well as for their presence at some of the camp festivities, and, with their ladies, for their patronage of the club concert. Several campers had the advantage of inspecting the *Ganges*, and of attending the Sunday services on that vessel.

The meet was favoured with beautiful weather. Good breezes were the rule, and capital sailing was possible every day, although towards the end of the fortnight there was just a shade too much weight in the wind for the smaller boats.

The Liverpool contingent and their boats journeyed to Falmouth by water, being shipped on board the *Mary Hough*, in the Trafalgar Dock, on Saturday, July 26th. After a pleasant

voyage Falmouth was reached early on the Monday morning, the boats were slung over the ship's side into the harbour, and sailed, rowed, or paddled to the site of the camp; extra stores, gear, and luggage being transported on a 'quay punt,' as a variety of sailing craft is called in this region.

On arriving in view of the camp, one of us remembered having read in a guide-book that the water of Falmouth Harbour is pleasantly warm. He stated this as a fact to his companions, so, although it was very early in the morning, overboard some of us went. Possibly the lively anticipation of something of the nature of a hot bath caused the shock to be more felt than would otherwise have been the case; anyway the writer had not reached the surface after the plunge before he had thoroughly made up his mind to slay the pretended friend whose misrepresentations had induced the performance. This individual's head was also above the surface, and was also gasping for breath; his evident consternation assisted him to shift responsibility on to the guide-book, but not until the dispute had rendered us all pleasantly warm. The sea

is not so tepid at Falmouth in summer as one would expect from its geographical position. Nevertheless, very few of the campers omitted the morning swim. In the shallower waters of the roadstead, slimy filaments of seaweed, many yards long, are so abundant as to interfere with

the comfort and even the safety of the swim. Near the camp shore, however, this weed was fortunately less plentiful. For anyone who objected to wade down the pebbly beach, a good dive could be got from the quay wall at Pencarrow Point, or from the top of the house-boat moored opposite the camp. One bright morning

the writer took his hand-camera and photographed some of the men in the air as they dived from the quay.

It is not intended to give any detailed description of the doings at the camp, or of the scenery of the neighbourhood ; but merely to refer shortly to the more prominent occurrences.

On arrival at the camp it was found that the London men had already pitched their tents ; that the committee tent was up ; and the piano hourly and anxiously expected. During the first day we Mersey men pitched our tents, rigged our boats, and got generally fitted up for a fortnight's gipsy life.

The camp was prettily situated in a field facing the Carrick Roads. In this enclosure there were eventually over twenty tents erected, besides the commodious committee marquee. A tall flag pole was raised in the centre of the field, and from it waved the Association's blue and white burgee.

Along the sea front of the field were ranged the Mersey tents, nine in number. This was dubbed Mersey Row, and, as the various tents had fancy names on painted signs, communications could be addressed to Lilyshaven, Tavies-

holm, Wolfsden, or the Pocket-handkerchief Mersey Row, B.C.A. Camp, Mylor.

At the top of the field, furthest from the shore, were four prettily-decorated tents; these were the married quarters, although only one lady actually slept in camp. In all there were 48 members present at the meet, including six of the fair sex; while there were over thirty boats belonging to members. The open character of the sailing ground probably accounted for the large proportion of canoe yawls present, for of these there were a dozen. In addition, there were a yacht, a house-boat, and a rowing boat, the remainder being canoes. Three men lived on the house-boat, the crews of two of the yawls slept on their boats, two or three men with families slept in Falmouth or at the farm, the others lived in the camp. Three of the canoes were of the Canadian pattern, and weatherly little boats they proved with their centre-boards and drop-rudders.

The regatta of the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club took place a day or two after our arrival, and the Committee arranged a race for canoe yawls. Seven of these craft started, and a very interest-

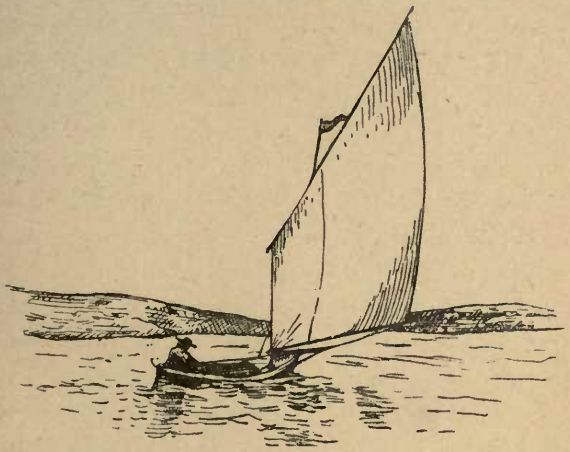
CANOE YAWL "TAVIE."

ing race resulted. The writer sailed his new canoe yawl—the Tavie—in this race, so will give a short account of the affair from his point of view. The Tavie is of the class called Mersey Sailing Canoes—she is 17 feet 6 inches long, 4 feet 7 inches beam, 1 foot 9 inches gunwale to garboard, with a centre-board dropping 1 foot 6 inches; she carried main and mizzen rig on this occasion; but for light winds she has a larger mainsail, carries a jib, and discards the mizzen. There was a strong breeze blowing into the harbour, and, while sailing about before the start, our mainsail had been close-reefed. Having noticed the Vital Spark, a larger boat with a heavy lead keel, put her gunwale under in some of the puffs, we at first only ventured to shake out one reef. Relying, however, on our crew of three heavy-weights, we shook out the reef just before our first gun. While we were waiting for our starting gun, the racing yachts came back into the harbour for their first time round the course, the renowned 'Thistle' leading the fleet. She came tearing into the harbour before the wind, and as she rounded Pendennis Point her spinnaker was handed, and a row of men along the weather

gunwale tailed on to the mainsheet in a line, and got into swing for running it in. A grand sight she was as she cut round the Committee mark-boat, bursting up a hissing wave from her bow as she came on the wind, for her reach out to sea on the final round. She formed a vision of speed and beauty, and of smart yachtmanship, we shall never forget. While admiring her, and keeping out of the way of her competitors, we heard our first gun. The five minutes' interval between the guns was filled with as much interest and manœuvring as if we had been all clipper yachts. The Tavie got off with a good lead, Vital Spark being second. It was first a long and a short leg among the shipping in the inner harbour, to a buoy moored opposite the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club. Just after rounding this the Tavie was passed by the Vital Spark and a yawl with green sails; on the reach out to the Chequer-buoy these boats increased their lead, while the Doris, Queenie, and Cacique closed up on us. By the manner in which we heeled over as we got into the open water and the breeze outside the harbour, we began to funk the approaching gybe, and to be sorry we had taken

out that last reef. The manner in which our green-sailed rival gybed was anything but reassuring; she lurched over, took in a lot of the briny, and wobbled a moment or two, then came on the wind, and fouled the buoy; so her crew dropped sail, bailed, and returned to the harbour. A moment later our boom was over, and we were tearing along before the wind for the training ship *Ganges*, with the Vital Spark a-head, and the Doris and Queenie alongside. And now before the seas we rolled badly, our boom lifting and occasionally dipping in the waves; so we made bad weather of it, and got to leeward of Doris and Queenie, the former being also a-head of us. By putting the boat-hook on the boom, and seating two of the crew on it, we steadied ourselves; and, sailing by the lee, we managed to be second round the *Ganges*. From thence to the flag-ship it was a dead beat to windward, during which we dropped the Doris, and were hunted home by the Queenie. We finished some minutes behind the Vital Spark—Queenie third, Cacique fourth, Doris fifth: the first three in being the prize-winners. It was interesting in the evening to sail about the harbour, and to in-

spect the racing yachts at anchor ; some of them flying winning-flags, and all being things of beauty ; and it was pleasant to sit in the parlour of the Greenbank Hotel, sipping shandy-gaff, watching the *frou-frou* of a regatta evening in the harbour, and talking over the day's events.



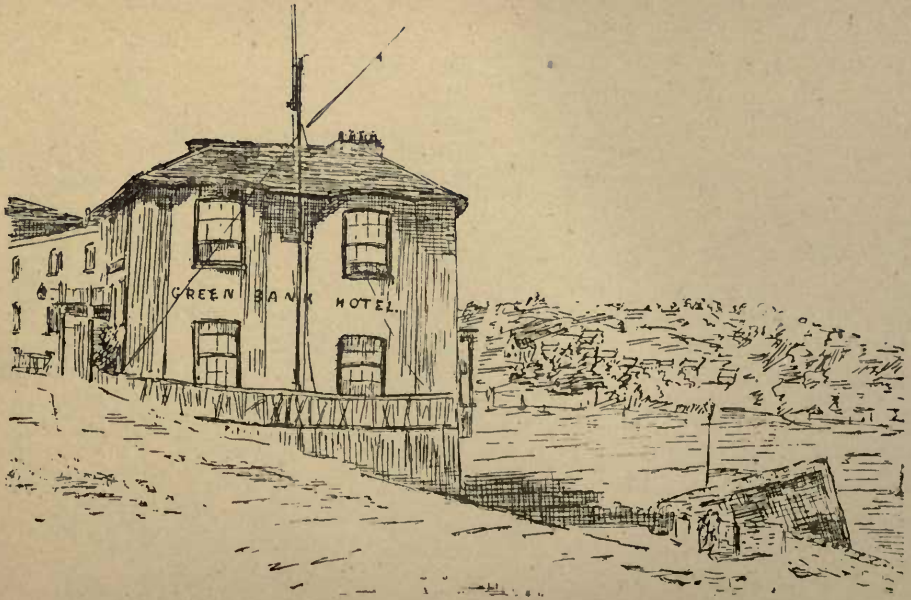
CANOE YAWL "TAVIE" UNDER RACING MAINSAIL.

At Mylor Regatta, a few days later, there was also a race for canoe yawls. At high water this creek is a lovely and extensive sheet of water, and on ariving at its head we found quite a lively water picnic going on. There was a band upon

the Committee mark-boat, well practised up in 'See the Conquering Hero;' crowds of rowing boats were splashing about, and the banks were crowded with holiday folk. The weather was bright and warm, and the music, the gay colours of the ladies' attire, the white sails of the boats and yachts, contributed to a pretty picture, not unlike a miniature edition of the famous Henley Regatta. Besides the sailing races, there were rowing contests and a canoe paddling race. The course for the canoe yawl race was down the creek and out round a buoy in the harbour, back up the creek and round the flag-ship—twice round. As regards the race itself, it may be shortly described as—Snake first, the rest nowhere. This wonderful little canoe yawl from Oxford was just suited by the smooth water, and the constant tacking up the narrow channel. It was a pity she did not arrive in time for the Royal Cornwall Regatta, as it would have been interesting to compare her performance in the lumpier water and stiffer breeze, and with the longer boards of that day. It is probable that there also she would have made an example of the rest of our canoe yawl fleet, for later on, after the camp had broken up, she

beat the famous Mosquito Yacht Fleet — 40 minutes on a 20-mile course—in a strong breeze, at Falmouth Town Regatta.

During the fortnight in camp, only two of the expeditions carried out were arranged for by the officers of the Association—the coach ride to the Lizard, and the voyage to the Helford River. For the other cruises members were left to make their own arrangements, to go alone, or in small fleets, or not at all, as they willed. There being such different classes of boat present rendered it difficult to make distant expeditions to suit every kind of craft; especially as the British canoeist is jealous to resent the least appearance of "bossing." Nevertheless the writer feels that it might have been better to have endeavoured to persuade all in camp to join in more expeditions than was done. By so doing the habits of loafing around the tents or sailing about just opposite the camp might have been combated; as might the temptation to sail round Trefusis Point into the inner harbour, moor at the Greenbank quay, and sit in the cosy parlour of that hostelry looking out on the busy Venice-like scene in the haven, smoking and lazying the happy hours away—*mea culpa*,


GREEN BANK HOTEL

*mea magna culpa!* True, canoeists are at these meetings in search of recreation, and, no doubt, there is plenty of rest and repose in such a life; but it is just a little stagnant, and afterwards there is a sense of not having made the most of one's opportunities. Like the Lazy Minstrel at Streatley, we used to—

> "Sit and lounge here on the grass,
> And watch the river traffic pass."

And could sympathize with him when he sings:—

> "Upon the winding Thames you gaze,
> And though the view's beyond all praise,
> I'd rather much sit here and laze,
> Than scale the Hill at Streatley."

It is in vain for Commodores and Secretaries to urge energy, and to enumerate the views that ought to be seen, and the places that should be 'done.' The lazy laureate of the Thames should have been made a life member of the B.C.A. for writing that verse:—

> "And when you're here, I'm told that you
> Should mount the Hill and see the view;
> And gaze and wonder, if you'd do
> Its merits most completely:

The air is clear, the day is fine,
The prospect is, I know, divine—
But most distinctly I decline
To climb the Hill at Streatley."

Of a large proportion of the men in camp it might have been said, just as truly as of the House of Peers :—They "did nothing in particular, and did it very well."

However, the majority joined the expedition to the Helford River. This creek is some distance outside the harbour, across Falmouth Bay. The Naval Manœuvres had commenced, and a fleet was anchored in the bay. We spent the morning sailing round these kettles, longing for an invitation aboard, which we did not get. About mid-day the breeze died away to a flat calm, so some of us had a swim, others a doze. Soon a smart breeze sprang up, and off we sped to Helford. We landed at Durgan to refresh ; there we met the skipper of the *Snake*, and he offered the writer a passage back on that curiously designed little ship. During this sail we experienced how swift and stiff this little boat is ; and, oh ! how very wet !

One of the charming features of boating at

Falmouth is the number of lovely creeks opening out of the harbour in various directions. Most of them were explored by us, especially those of Mylor, St. Just, St. Mawes, and Penryn.

The Fal River resembles rather a creek or arm of the sea than a river, and is navigable up to Malpas at all times of the tide; and, when the tide is up, for some two miles further to the important city of Truro. Four of us had a very jolly day up this river in the *Tavie*, being fortunately able to go the whole distance to Truro and back under sail. With the flood tide under us, and a fair wind, we ran up to Malpas, and were entranced with the beauties of King Harry's Passage and Lord Falmouth's lovely seat—Tregothnan—and with the well-wooded banks of the river, and of the pretty creeks opening out of the main stream. On reaching Malpas we found that we had over-run the tide, and so the channel hence to Truro was between slightly submerged mud-banks, and the navigation therefore difficult. On a rising tide, however, a run aground on mud is a temporary inconvenience, and by the help of sailing directions from men unloading timber from barges at the little quays

on the banks, we managed to get very early on the tide to Truro. These directions were frequently both complicated and amusing. One, we remember, was :—"Keep the door of the office on this quay dead astern until you get the two gates in the big field opposite in a line, then come sharp round and head for the middle arch of the railway bridge." Sure enough this course carried us up a channel, with only a few inches depth of water on each side of us. At high water the river from Malpas to Truro forms a pretty and extensive sheet of water, navigable to barges ; at low tide there is merely a shallow stream winding through mud-flats. Clever as we were in getting to Truro so early on the tide, we were only a minute or two ahead of the little passenger steamer which, in a marvellous manner, worms her way through the intricacies of the passage up to Truro and back to Falmouth.

Soon after we had tied up near Truro Bridge, the canoe yawl Queenie and two or three canoes arrived. We landed and explored the city, and laid in a store of fresh fruit. The writer had spent some of his early youth in Truro, and experienced the pleasure of revisiting, and recogniz-

ing places he had not seen for over 20 years. He led his friends about to see where he had formerly lived—where he had fallen in the 'leats' —where he had fought and been thrashed by the grocer's boy, and where the village idiot used to stand; he would have dragged them off to view the farm where he had seen a pig killed, had they not betrayed a preference for a visit to the Cathedral. Everything appeared just as he had left it in this pleasant, stagnant little city; nothing seemed to have been pulled down in the quarter of a century, little besides the Cathedral erected. Since the decline in the mining value of the neighbourhood, and the silting up of the river, this, the chief city of the county, has diminished in importance, and would probably have still further declined, but for the stimulus of the new Bishopric and its interests. Were the river channel efficiently dredged out, commerce and wealth might again return. Familiar as the river and city were to the writer, he made the common experience how much less in size and importance things really are than they appear in the memory, however vivid, retained from boyhood long ago. This disproportion is

probably due to the lack of objects of comparison in the experience of childhood. True, Landor's monument is high, but not so "blooming" high as a countryman described it; Lemon Street is steep, certainly, but not all that steep, though the Lemon Street of memory is like the side of a house. This must be the house in which we lived; but, bless my soul! how it has shrivelled! Why, our despised and economical lodgings at home are more imposing; those leats are not the broad, clear streams we have portrayed to our acquaintance; this river is not the broad, clear expanse we have described to envious schoolmates. Distance has not only lent enchantment to the view, but, strange to say, magnitude as well. We once witnessed a dive from the Town Bridge into the tide below, and thought the dive a marvel; since then, whenever Tommy Burns, or other modern bridge jumper, has been referred to, we have instanced this hero of "when we were boys." Can this be the bridge? Why, were the river but as clean as years ago, we'd do the deed ourselves, and ask no bribe. While others sought the Cathedral we wandered off to the barber's shop in the market place,

where our childhood's hair had been cut. Joy! the barber with the funny name was still alive. We entered, and, for old time's sake, waited while he finished his lunch and another customer, just to have him cut our hair again (it did not want cutting, and, alas! there's less of it to cut). Artfully we led the conversation back to years ago; the old man *thought* he remembered us, probably in compliment to our evident expectation that the whole population of the place had followed our subsequent career with pride. Relatives and friends, however, he could talk to us about, and had heard that some of us were 'doing well' in London and Liverpool. To 'do well,' alas! Truro's sons must leave their lovely, sleepy, dwindling native place. We too soon found that, to do well, the quicker we did the same ourselves the better, for the tide was falling. Once, when a boy, our boat had stuck in the mud of the river and been left by the tide, and one such experience will last an ordinary lifetime, if economically used. After a few exciting stick-in-the-muds, we reached Malpas in safety. From there the breeze was right ahead, and came in knock-down puffs round corners, and through gaps in the woods on the banks.

A lot of patient tacking was necessary to get out of the river, but there was too much incident in the proceedings for this to be at all monotonous. One moment we would be laughing over an anecdote, while the sail flapped idly, the next four anxious faces would be observing the centre-board from the vantage point of the windward coaming. From Trelissick Point, however, a true wind and a long board put us in position to lay our moorings.

Falmouth town was quite a short sail or paddle from our camp, and an interesting place we found it, with its long street running parallel to the busy inner roadstead. It reminded us strongly of several little towns we know on the Riviera.

The Camp Committee made a new departure, by arranging for camp dinners in the evening in the large tent. These were much appreciated by those too late, too tired, or too lazy to prepare their own meal. On several evenings a few degenerate campers dined at the Greenbank ; this unworthy proceeding so sapped the moral nature that, *facilis decensus*, one of them remained there to sleep.

Fishermen visited the camp with freshly caught

fish, very welcome for breakfast as rivals to the popular kipper. Had time allowed we might have supplied ourselves with fish, for shoals of mackerel were in the harbour all the time. Although more familiar with the paddle and the tiller than with the cricket bat, eleven of us accepted the challenge from the *Ganges* to a cricket match. The boys won, but the canoedlers were not disgraced.

One day was devoted to a united driving excursion to the Lizard. After the famed rocks and lighthouses had been inspected, and seven amateur photographers had eased their minds by the exposure of all the plates they had with them, a capital meal was discussed at the Lizard Hotel.

The camp created much interest in Falmouth and the neighbourhood, and was visited by a good many people. A successful concert was held in the committee tent one evening, to which visitors were invited ; after this the camp was illuminated, and the camp band rendered night hideous. This band was enrolled early in the meet ; it was chiefly remarkable for the discordancy of its performance, and the extra-

ordinary attire of the performers. The chief instruments were a fog-horn, a gong, a toy trumpet, and a drum, and, for the uniform, hat shops and millinery establishments had been ransacked at Falmouth. Early in its career this band developed symptoms of taking upon itself the duty of securing early rising in camp; but remonstrances, in the form of strong language and weighty missiles, on the part of those disturbed, induced the musicians to confine their attentions to an after breakfast parade.

MORNING GYMNASTICS.

On one evening the popular B.C.A. Secretary and Mrs. Nisbet gave a reception in the committee tent. The dressing for this function afforded some amusement; for, as visitors and ladies were to be present, a toilette was essential. Chins, which for days had grown more and more stubbly, were sacred from the razor no longer, but were painfully rasped by candle light. The clothes of civilization were unearthed from bags and boxes; until, by a system of mutual accommodation in the way of coats, collars, watch-guards, etc., a more or less respectable appearance was the general result. An enjoyable evening was spent, and, after the ladies had retired, a noisy sing-song was continued into the "wee sma' hours" beyond the twelfth.

From the farm, milk, eggs, and butter were obtained. Junkets and Cornish cream were consumed in such quantities as to prove that canoeists do not possess livers, or have unlimited faith in the healthiness of their out-door life, or the skill of their family doctors.

No accident of any importance occurred during the meet, although three upsets in sailing canoes took place. Two of these were due to 'pressing,'

and were not unexpected ; the third was of an amusing nature. A new member, desiring a picture of his canoe in full trim, for exhibition to the friends at home, induced a comrade to go out in a punt with a camera, in order to take a photograph of the canoe as it was sailed past. After getting everything ship-shape, and having manœuvred into position, our neophyte's anxiety to get both ship and crew on to the negative directed his attention from the necessary balancing, and over went the whole concern. A photograph of this catastrophe was all his friend

obtained for him on this occasion, and it is doubtful whether that will be exhibited to the "old folks at home."

The piano in the committee tent was in frequent request. The B.C.A. is rich in musical talent, instrumental and vocal, and the ladies were always kind in the matter of accompaniments. Perhaps the most popular song was 'The Agricultural Irish Girl'; its refrain might be heard in the distance as wandering canoeists strolled back to camp. In fact this song became a kind of B.C.A. National Anthem; at all periods of the day the virtues and charms of the Irish Girl were chanted; and her memory beguiled the toilsome return to camp by road or water, when, but for it, tired arms and legs would have felt still more weary.

The annual meeting of the B.C.A. was held on the 4th of August in the committee tent. Rob Roy Macgregor was re-elected Commodore, and Mr. H. Wilmer, R.C.C., Vice-Commodore; while Mr. Percy Nisbet could not resist the unanimous request that he should continue the B.C.A. Secretary and Treasurer.

Take it all in all, the B.C.A. meet of 1890 was

a success which will long be remembered by those present. A jolly set of fellows assembled, who fraternized cordially, and who, it is to be hoped, will meet again in 1891.

Thus ends my short account of two holidays with the British Canoe Association. If it induce one good fellow to join our cruises, he will never regret it; and if it serve to recall happy days to old members, the writer will not regret his trouble.

Many a time at the camp sing-songs have we enjoyed the Eton Boating Song trolled forth by our genial Secretary; many a time, as we paddled or sailed back in the dark to our lamplighted, home-like little camp, have we joined in the chorus. With the sentiment thereof I close this humble account of boating holidays with the B.C.A., in the hope that—

> "Nothing in life shall sever
> The ties that unite us now."

STRIKING CAMP: FALMOUTH, 1890.

A DETECTIVE CAMERA.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE CANOEIST AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

To canoeists, and boating men generally, photography supplies the one thing needful to make their sport the most fascinating of any under the sun, by enabling them to secure permanent pictures of scenes and events, to be enjoyed at times and seasons when, in this country at least, it is impossible to pursue the pastime itself.

The canoeist visits scenes in river valleys rarely visited by any other than an occasional fisherman;

in such valleys he finds scenery more lovely than any on the roads and highways of more general resort. Few are gifted with the artist's skill, but all may cultivate the artistic sense to detect what will make a good picture, and anyone may readily master the chemical and mechanical details of the photography-made-easy of the present day. The artist has the advantage in the matter of colour ; but the canoeist has seldom time to spend in the production of painted pictures, and, as a photographer, he has the great advantage of being able to prepare lantern-slides from his negatives. These enable him, on winter evenings, to sail his cruises o'er again, to picture his travels to friends and brother canoeists, to enliven the camp-fire, and to illustrate his entertaining descriptions of adventures by flood and field. By this means he may kindle others with the desire for similar voyages. The writer, an ardent canoeist, but an indifferent photographer, rejoices to know that, to lantern-slide exhibitions of past cruises he has made, more than one vigorous canoeist of to-day owes his first attraction to the sport. All enthusiastic canoeists marvel why everybody does not canoe, and are eager for

others to participate in the delights the sport affords ; and we believe that lantern-slide exhibitions are amongst the best recruiting means that could be adopted by the clubs.

The hand camera, the so-called detective, is particularly suitable for the canoeist. It need be of but small weight and bulk ; it is simple and inexpensive. It is, of course, impossible with the hand camera to take pictures equally good, from an artistic point of view, as those which may be taken with the stand camera ; but, in canoeing, incidents are constantly occurring for the record of which the stand camera is useless ; moving scenes and objects appear, and, long before the stand camera could be ready, the opportunity to fix them is past. A small hand camera can be kept safe and dry in the smallest of Rob Roys, and is pre-eminently the camera for a canoeist.

It may be thought that no eulogy of photography for the canoeist's purposes is called for in these days when nearly everybody photographs, and when the term 'amateur photographer' generally has the adjective 'ubiquitous' attached thereto ; but it is to indicate the special suitability to the canoeist of the detective camera that this

chapter is written. This camera does not advertise its presence by standing obtrusively on three legs, and so often attracting an inquisitive and insulting group of passers by; it may resemble an innocent bag or basket externally, and, even in crowded thoroughfares, may pursue its task unnoticed. The amateur who uses the ordinary stand camera is a familiar object. We see him strolling about our city streets or country lanes, laden like a pack-horse, gazing up at the windows and roofs of the buildings like a glazier on the look-out for a job. When he gets a view which he considers suitable for distortion, he proceeds to unload himself of his paraphernalia, revealing stools and bags, instruments of various kinds, and a series of things like fishing-rods. After he has scattered apparatus all over the roadway, he proceeds, with infinite trouble, to fit things together. Generally he has forgotten how to do it, or has left some indispensable portion of the machinery at home; but sometimes he gets the concern put together eventually, after collecting a mob of errand boys and other loafers, and engaging the suspicious attention of the policeman on the beat. Of course he is under a constant fire of

chaff, and is told to "Mind and get me in, mister;" but he endeavours to display himself oblivious to all this, and, with a far-away gaze at the desired object, he goes through a conjuring performance under a black duster. His expression of intent suspense gives way to one of relief, and he either laboriously takes the concern to pieces again, and loses part of it, or he staggers along with it all standing like the proprietor of a Punch-and-Judy Show, and accompanied by a similar retinue, to some other point of vantage. At last he is satisfied, and marches off with something in his box to inflict upon his friends; probably with a portrait of some inquisitive urchin's head occupying most of the foreground.

So cumbersome is the apparatus for any but the smallest pictures, as to lead sometimes to amusing misunderstandings. It is told of a canoeist that, desiring a morning effect, he left camp early with his camera for a neighbouring village. Here he began to erect his tripod. A rustic inhabitant watched the proceedings with interest for a while, and then ventured the remark:—"You bees raythor early, mister." "Not so very," replied the photographer, "it's past nine

o'clock." "Aye, aye," continued chawbacon, "just so, but I mean you bees rayther earlier than t'others. Fair don't begin till Toosday." Now the proprietor of a detective camera escapes all this trouble and publicity; his apparatus is simple and unostentatious. The modern hand-camera is a most ingenious construction. It is small, light, and simple. It contains everything required for taking good photographs within itself, and nothing is loose, so as to be lost or forgotten. The sensitive plates are contained within the camera itself, and as many as fifty or more pictures may be taken without opening the box. Its use is simple, and easily learned; in fact, with dry plates and a hand-camera, photography is almost as easy as the proverbial falling off a log. The hand-camera has its own peculiar faults, nevertheless. For one thing, it is not suitable for portrait taking; but this may be almost reckoned a virtue. For sea and landscapes, as well as for instantaneous work, amateurs can confidently compete with professionals; but the portraits of the former, even with stand-cameras, are commonly libellous. Ghastly distortions of one's external appearance are produced by them,

and we are assured they are excellent likenesses. To have a friend take to portraiture is the next worst thing to having him take up the fiddle.

The secret method of working, too, on the part of the hand-camera, has led to some unpopularity with regard to its advent in general society. To one who is not always prepared to have each deed he performs published, the detective camera is a foe artful and not insignificant. It can assume the disguise of an innocent travelling-bag, a hat-box, or lunch basket. It may imitate any harmless object, and no one is safe from its searching eye and its recording retina. There is no other warning than the click of the shutter, and that occurs too late for prevention ; but just in time to tell us that, in imperishable gelatine, our absurd or ill deed is registered ; the image of which, developed in darkness or by becomingly lurid light, and in a suitably odorous atmosphere, is unaffected by salt water, and so secure from the tear of the pitying recording angel.

By the exercise of the secret, stealthy espionage of the detective camera, it is possible for the owner thereof to become as unpopular as a mad dog. If he photograph his best friend in the

pursuit of his hat, there may be a coolness between them for days ; if a picture of an aspiring oarsman be taken while the less interesting portion of his figure is in view as he catches a crab, the only way to prevent open hostilities is by promising to destroy the negative. If one photograph a lady in anything but her best clothes, or with her hair untidy, or running from a mouse or a cow, or anything undignified of that sort, he becomes a nasty mean thing right away. Should one, however, be so lucky as to get a shot at a couple of lovers 'carrying on,' his success is complete ; in one moment he can make two enemies for life. Let him beware of threatening to make a magic-lantern slide of the subject, and of exhibiting it to a party of mutual friends, unless he be big and strong, or very fleet of foot, such a proceeding may otherwise lead to great damage to person and camera. It is much better to walk on as if one had not noticed anything.

Photography is so easy now that few remember the trying circumstances of the old time wet plate photographer, " who used to go about with iodine stains on his fingers, and a perfect wealth

of collodion perfume on the breeze about him. And yet he would voluntarily suffer ostracism from society, and lug about the country a pack as big as the effects of some prosperous old clothes merchant, all for the sake of the pastime he loved." A writer in an American paper thus amusingly describes the disadvantages he laboured under:—"As soon as his plate was exposed, he had to rush it into his dark tent and develop it. He couldn't wait till he got home, and then get some good-natured professional to do it for him, but had to surround that dark tent right there on the spot, and develop the plate, and sometimes a case of galloping consumption, while the landscape waited to find if it was all right, or whether he would have to sit again. The dark tent was a curious affair. It looked something like an umbrella with a floor to it. It had three orifices in the side, and the idea was for the photographer to stick his head in one and his hands in the others, and go on with his work secretly and, but for the all powerful and ever present collodion, alone. It resembled the way the dentist worked on the Girton girl's teeth. The operator remained out-

side, though most of the work was carried on far back in the interior. To an outsider the photographer, in the full act of using his dark tent, resembled a man working a dress rehearsal of a Punch-and-Judy Show, with the curtain down. Now, if by a stretch of the imagination you can picture a Punch-and-Judy Show that had some minutes previously been rotten-egged, and then draw the analogy, you will have a pretty correct idea of the general appearance and perfume of the place. In this exposed position the photographer was obliged to sit with his both hands muzzled, and his head handcuffed, while the neighbouring fields might be filled with billy-goats, or small boys with sling-shots. And could he stir? No; he could not so much as even budge without exposing his plate to the light, and himself to ridicule."

Let us be thankful that we live in the days of dry plates and hand-cameras.

I do not desire the canoeist to make an idol of his camera—the canoe is a jealous mistress; but a small camera can enhance the pleasure even of canoeing.

True, photography is powerless to reproduce

the colour, the movement, the life and atmosphere of a scene in any but a feeble manner; no description can bring back the sensation of the breeze on the cheek, or the spray on the brow—the sound of the rippling water at the bow, of the songs of the birds on the banks—the glow of health and energy in the frame: for these it is necessary to go afloat on the lovely waters of our country, and to view nature with a lover's eye; but some faint reminiscence of all these have we obtained many a time as, by our magic-lantern, we have recalled to "view each well-known scene."

FAREWELL.

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